



BY

ALEXANDER MacFADYEN

JUNE

7½

DAYBREAK

6

WHY I LOVE YOU

4

HIGH VOICE

LOW VOICE

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Day dawns, and still the door is closed;
My beautiful, why sleepest thou?
It is the hour when wakes the rose.
Then why art thou not waking now?
O my fair one, O fair one listen,
The morning hour hath wings,
And the lover 'neath thy window, is weeping,
Is weeping while he sings.

All things are knocking at thy door for me,
The dawn comes softly murmur'ing, "I am day."
The song-bird warbles, "I am harmony,"
And "I am love," sweet lady, hear me say.
O my fair one, O fair one, listen,
The morning hour hath wings,
And the lover 'neath thy window is weeping,
Is weeping while he sings.

—Victor Hugo.

Dedicated to Frederick Carberry

Daybreak

Poem by VICTOR HUGO

ALEXANDER MAC FADYEN

Andante *Recit.* *Day*

pp *poco cres.* *rall.* *f*

Lento *a tempo*

dawns, and still the door is closed; My beau-ti-ful, why

pp *ppp*

Tea. Tea. Tea. Tea. Tea. Tea.

sleep-est thou? It is the hour when wakes the rose. Then why art thou not wak-ing

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now? O my Fair one, O fair one lis - ten, The morn-ing hath

wings, And the lov - er 'neath thy win - dow, is weep - ing, is

sadly

weep - ing While he sings.

una corda

pp *pp* *pppp cresc.* *ff*

8

poco accel.

All things are knock-ing at thy

rit. e dim.

poco accel.

ten.

door for me, The dawn comes soft - ly mur-m'ring, "I am day". The

pp

ten. ten.

tenderments

Song-bird war-bles, "I am har-mo-ny," And "I am love," sweet la - dy,

cresc. e stringendo poco a poco

hear me say. O my Fair one, O fair one, lis - ten, The morn-ing hour hath

cresc. e stringendo poco a poco

cresc. f molto cresc.

wings, And the lov - er 'neath thy win - dow is weep - ing, is weep - ing

cresc. ff molto cresc.

rit e sostenuto

while he sings. _____

ff rit e dim. rall ppp pp pp ppp